foot ocean tides surge many miles.

not this forethought been exercised.

transportation of supplies and ammunition

as difficult as Braddock found it in the

Allegheny Mountains a century and a

half ago. Wheeled vehicles are not com-

for his size. These run up to over 200

pounds in good weather and average 150

wners save in one odd respect. The vas

heavy loads safely, though slowly!

lew manufactures of the nation.

all the winding roads of the peninsula they

careless indifference to everything except

the next hard step ahead, the bulls of Corea

reminded me continually of the men of

propriate because of the fact that a large

part of Corea's commerce is done upon

By means of a little rack made to fit the

shoulders and back, Coreans can carry

remendous loads. It is a matter of record

that a Corean coolie once carried a 460-

Pianos have been carried by a single

coolie in Seoul in instances when foreigners

were moving. In bad weather a coolie

These hard worked men can stand almost

any exposure. The winters in Corea are

almost as rigid as any known in the United

States, and on a day when the warmest

clothing and exercises could barely keep

me warm I have seen a crowd of Corean

coolies wade out into the water at Che-

mulpho to their shoulders and carry ashore

casks of dynamite for blasting out the

They wavered a moment at the water's

edge, but a crack of the boss's whip sent

them leaping into the water with chatter-

Such will be some of the conditions sur-

counding a military campaign in Corea

the ancient pathway northward from

Seoul, around and over hill and plain and

paddy field, will be, as ever, the main

avenue. In the train of the armies will

come ponies, mules, bulls and coolies strug-

Japan, if she can control the Yellow

Sea, can throw troops inland from any

point along the coast, thus saving much

of the fatigue of attempting to draw am-

munition and provision trains. She can

make use of the large rivers of Corea; and

FROM ORCHIDS TO SNOW

Zones Are Represented.

person can pass through the tropical,

sub-tropical and temperate zones inside of

an hour. Hawaii is one and Darjeeling,

In both these places the trick is done by

In Hawaii the traveller starts with the

warm breath of the Pacific fanning him

arnid the smell of palm trees. He passes

by great clusters of tropical fruit, and as

he mounts the trees change until he is in

the kind of scenery that may be found in the southern United States. Still he climbs, and soon he notices that

is much cooler and that the character f the scene has changed to one that re-

minds him of the temperate zone, with

minds nim of the temperate zone, with fields in which potatoes and other northern-vegetables are growing.

In Darjeeling the change is still more wonderful. The entrance to the tableland on which the little mountain city stands

green of firs and cedars; and beyond stand the white, grim, snowclad, frozen moun-tain peaks like arctic icebergs on land.

In less than two hours a traveller can ascend from orchids through jungles to

tea plantations, and thence to a climate of

SCARCITY OF GOOD STEAMERS.

One Result of the War Likely to Be Noticed

on Atlantic Coast.

From the Lewiston Me.) Journal

going on between them will affect this part

As far as Japan and Russia are away from

orthern roses and violets.

Two Places in the World Where

in northeastern India, is another.

climbing up the high mountains.

American railway in Corea.

gling with their loads.

this may be a vital point.

pound ingot of copper for several days.

250 pounds is not an extraordinary

he shoulders of the Corean coolies.

useless for most of the year.

most heroic mould

persistently.

ing wounds.

\$25 each.

a day.

TONE HEROES of RUSSIA and JAPAN

EXPLOITS OF SPIES ON BOTH SIDES IN CENTRAL ASIA

Russia and Japan have had an army of ment was caused in India by the arres pies watching each other for several years, and the adventures of these men would form the material for scores of thrilling

Russia employs more secret agents than any other country. She has several of them in every important city in the United States. A recent debate in the German Parliament showed that Prussia is honeycombed with them; there are scores in London, under the command of that wonderful woman, Mme. Olga Novikoff, better known to the literary world as "O. K.;" and the bazaars of India are never free from the presence of the Russian agent usually an Asiatic subject of the Czar,

The recent arrest and execution of the Japanese interpreter at the Russian Legation in Tokio are believed to have destroyed the key of an elaborate system of Russian espionage in Japan, but no doubt the Czar still has plenty of other secret service

Central Asia has been the greatest field for the exploits of Russian spies in the past. Many of them have performed deeds of bravery unsurpassed by any of the men who have fought openly for the Czar on the field of battle.

Many of the best Russian secret service agents are officers who, for one cause or another, have been reduced to the ranks. They are willing to dare any peril in order to win back their former commissions.

"In America and England," said an English traveller who has closely studied the Russian military system in Central Asia, "the authorities dismiss from the army an officer who has made a false step, and however good a man he may be professionally he is practically lost to the country.

"In Russia, on the other hand, he is simply reduced to the ranks, stripped of his titles, and sent to some frontier district of Asia to serve as a private soldier.

"Such a man naturally becomes a des perado. He forms splendid material for a dashing leader in time of war, and as a secret service agent he is most valuable for he is ready to dare anything."

Alikhanoff, the most famous secret service agent in Central Asia, was one of these men. He is an Asiatic, by birth a Daghestani.

He obtained a commission in the Russian Army and rose rapidly under Skobeleff During the Russo-Turkish War he served in the Caucasus as aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Michael, who commanded the

forces in that region.

Toward the close of the war Alikhanoff suddenly fell into disgrace through quarrelling with a superior officer and challenging him to fight a duel. He was tried by court-martial deprived of his rank and decorations and reduced to the ranks.

ne years afterward Private Alikhanoff turned up again in Central Asia and won a commission as cornet of dragoons by his valor in the Turcoman campaign. But that did not satisfy him.

The Turcomans routed at Geok Tepe fled across the desert to the Merv oasis. where they gathered their forces together for a desperate resistance. The Russians decided that it was necessary to make a military survey of the basis and the routes by which it could be reached.

Alikhanoff was chosen for the task. Armenian trader, taking with him a caravan consisting of a few camels. A cornet of Cossacks, named Sokoloff, accompanied him, disguised as a native caravan clerk.

They reached Merv safely after six days' journey across the desert, and encamped at night in the midst of the Turcomans. Alikhanoff might simply have spied out the land and departed, but he flew at higher game. Next day he boldly threw off the mask, proclaimed himself to a gathering of the chiefs as the representative of the Great White Czar, and haughtily demanded their submission.

were drawn and pistols levelled at his head by dozens of raging Turcomans, but h calmly rolled a cigarette and said: "You can kill me if you like, but if you do

you will throw away your last hope of mercy from my master, the Czar. "Submit, and he will treat you as a father.

Resist, and your tribes shall all be blotted from the face of the earth."

The chiefs whom Russia had bought quieted the others, and Alikhanoff's bold bearing made a deep impression. The Turcomans agreed to discuss the matter, and Alikhanoff stayed with them for a fortnight, in imminent peril of death all the

Disguising himself again, he used every opportunity to explore the oasis. Each morning, just after dawn, he stole out from his camp to secure unobserved a complete survey of the fortifications erected by the

At last he discovered a plot against his life, and left. He had nearly convinced the Turcomans of the desirability of surrender, and he decided to report to his superiors and then complete his task.

While he was gone, another Russian officer, a Mohammedan named Nasirbegoff, visited Merv in disguise and he was followed by a young surveyor, Gospodin Lessar, who is now Russian Minister at Pekin. These men made complete surveys of the country around Merv without the Turcomans' being any the wiser.

Then Alikhanoff, accompanied by few horsemen, rode back to Merv. dressed this time as a Russian officer, and demanded immediate surrender. The Turcomans bowed to his indomitable will, and their country became a Russian province, with Alikhanoff, the former spy, as its Governor. His old rank of Major and all his decorations were restored to him by the Czar, and he now holds a high military position in Turkestan.

Many a Russian General now holding high command won his promotion by secret service work. Gen. Petrusevitch, who made secret surveys of Transcaspia, Afghanistan and the Perso-Turcoman frontier. rose in that manner.

"For five long years that man carried his life in his hand," said an English officer who knew him well. "During all that time he lived and travelled in disguise among people who would rather have cut the throat of a Russian agent than eaten their

So perfect was his command of Central Asian languages and dialects that he successfully completed his task without being once detected. During those five years he assumed dozens of different disguises.

"Once he travelled through a large stretch of Afghanistan as an English officer making surveys in view of the possibility

of a Russian invasion." Some years ago a good deal of excite- ing meskly."

at Paeshawur of a Russian spy named Pashino. He had been a diplomatist, but fell into disgrace and had to leave the

He was suspected of having secretly ascer tained the condition of military and tribunal affairs along the Afghan frontier, and he was going on through the Khyber Pass to Cabul to make propositions to the Ameer of Afghanistan. Nothing definite could be proved against him, and he was simply deported to Russia.

A Russian officer named Stolietoff, dis guised as a Persian physician, actually did penetrate to Cabul some time before and caused a whole lot of trouble in the relations of Afghanistan and England. He returned safely, and rose to the rank of General in the Russian Army, as did also Grodekoff, another famous central Asian

One of the bravest and most successful of the secret agents in Turkestan was Fazil Beg, a Russianized Khivan. During the Turcoman campaign he went backward and forward hundreds of times between the Russian lines and the Turcoman encampments and gained invaluable inormation.

Many thrilling stories of his exploits are old by Russian officers who took part in that campaign. He was detected once, as he sat around a campfire with some Turcomans.

They overpowered him and bound him with ropes, intending to torture him at their eisure until he revealed Russian secrets. He waited until the campfire burned low, pretending to be asleep.

The Turcomans curled up in their blankets, one by one, until only two were on guard, some little distance off. Then Fazil Beg rolled over to the fire, picked up a glowing stick with his teeth and burned through the ropes which bound his hands and feet.

Silently he stole toward the sentry who was guarding the horses and camels, gripped him by the throat from the back, drew he man's own dagger from his girdle and stabbed him to the heart.

Then he cut loose the heel rope of the horse and fled across the desert. The other sentry fired at him, but he was only slightly wounded. The Turcomans gave chase

The Russian secret agent sometimes has a strikingly varied career. Gospodin Lessar s a case in point.

He started as a railway surveyor, but showed such marked ability that he was soon employed as a secret agent. His special line of work was exploring untravelled parts of Central Asia, but the impelling motive of all his explorations was the making of military surveys.

No risk appalled him. He dwelt for years among tribes bitterly hostile to the Russians and was never detected.

When the Russian advance to Herat enraged England, and war seemed probable. Lessar went to London in the capacity of a famous explorer to write up the Russian ide of the case.

With the aid of Madame Novikoff, he gained admission to the columns of the best English newspapers and threw dust in the of the British public most cleverly. He posed as a disinterested scientific man who happened to know that Russia had not really made any material advances in central Asia.

His articles were accepted as gospel and had a powerful effect in calming the British mind. Not until long afterward was it realized that he was an agent of the Russian Government.

This versatile man was subsequently employed in the diplomatic service, and he is now Minister to China-perhaps the most difficult place a Russian diplomat can fill

During the Chinese-Japanese war the Japanese showed that they possessed an excellent secret service, and in the Pekin relief campaign the allied forces depended almost entirely upon the intelligence procured by Japanese spies.

There is every reason to suppose that in the present war their system of espionage s even more finely developed. Their immense advantage in being able to look like Chinamen is too obvious to need dwell-

"After Japan was forced by Russia, Germany and France to give up Port Arthur and some of the other fruits of her victory over China," said a Japanese resident in New York, "it is well known that she set to work to become a great military and naval power, able to fight Russia, if need arose.

"All the world knows how she created her battalions and warships, but few people are aware that immediately after the treaty of peace with China she sent hundreds of spies to Corea, Manchuria and Siberia to gather every scrap of information that would be needed in time of war.

"Those men did not work like the ordinary spy of other nations, who does his appointed task and then returns and throws off his disguise. They made a life work of it.

"They married Chinese women, brought up Chinese families, and went into business as Chinamen, often becoming men of weight and standing in the community n which they lived. To-day they are solid citizens, whom everybody in the locality has known for years, and whom nobody would dream of suspecting to be Japanese

"But their reports go regularly to Tokio and they must contain a marvellous amount of detailed information about the Rus-

"The Mikado's Government has spent large sums on its secret service. It is quite content to finance a man for years until he settles down in the way I have described and is in a position to learn things.

"Many thousands of yen may be spen on him before he does anything at all. but the game pays in the end. You may depend upon it that some of the men whom Viceroy Alexieff is employing at Port Arthur in the belief that they are Chinese are in reality Japanese spies.

"Many Japanese of high military rank and noble birth engage in this work. Some of them have labored as coolies on the Russian forts.

"They do not mind the rough work and harsh treatment usually meted out to coolies, so long as they can learn what they want to know. But it must be hard for a Japanese nobleman, used to being treated with ceremonious respect, to be bullied by a Russian sergeant and have to take the bully-

COREA THE BATTLEGROUND.

HERE FOR CENTURIES EAST AND WEST HAVE FOUGHT.

Eastern Corea Impossible From a Military Standpoint-More Fighting Likely at Ping-yang-Corea's Bad Roads and Hard Worked Burden Bearing Men.

Corea does not present an ideal battleground by any means, although it has been for centuries, as it is now, the scene of the contest between opposing forces moving from the east and from the west. Hundreds of armies in the past have met near the

Corean-Manchurian border line. To make the matter of Corea as a battle ground more plain, compare it with Florida.

The peninsulas are much alike. Corea may be roughly divided into level and mountainous country. The eastern half of the peninsula is very mountainous, and the rivers which run eastward into the sea are small, clear streams in which trout abound.

There are only two rivers of conseque in eastern Corea (facing Japan). These are the Tuman, which is the boundary line etween Corea and Siberia on the north, and the Nak-dong in the South.

The mountains, the nature of the rivers and the small size of the river valleys make eastern Corea quite impossible from a military standpoint. It may be reasonably expected that, if Corea is the scene of heavy onflict, the campaigns will be fought on

The two important ports of eastern Corea are Geusan and Fusan; near the latter is Masampho. In a loose way, St. Augustine and Miami have the same relative position.

Western Corea is a very rough country but it is cut up by large river valleys, and near the coast of the Yellow Sea there are many level plains. In the north is the strategic Yalu River, the boundary of Corea, where Russia has been massing her Siberian regiments preparatory to a southward

march. The name Yalu means Dragon. The river comes surging down from the lowering sides of the Ever White Mountainswhich are the Never White Mountains in summer-with such force that the natives believe the spirit of a dragon lives in the

The Yalu is a beautiful stream. If you isk a Corean whether the color is blue or green he will be greatly confused. They have one word for the two colors in their language, perhaps because they seem nerely two shades of the same color.

The Yalu is navigable for sixty miles o the village of Chanson. Aichiu is the frontier town of Corea, perched high on the banks of the Yalu. In the centuries this gray town has seen a thousand pageants and armies.

Here runs the worn pathway from Corea o Mukden and Pekin. To this town came the French missionaries to Corea, and, crawling through the drains, they entered he town and passed in into Corea in lisguise.

Over this road and through this town have passed shipwrecked American sailors ent from Corea to China to find ships to carry them home. This road has been and now is the pathway of armies.

Passing southward from the Yalu into he broad area of western Corea, the River Tai-dong is crossed by the old highways at historic Ping-yang. Here it was that the Chinese and Japanese met in battle in the war of 1894-95, and near here the Russians and Japanese will undoubtedly meet soon or late.

The Japanese armies came northward from Seoul by way of Whang-ju. Their encampment there reduced a town of 30,000 inhabitants to one of 5,000, hundreds of houses being destroyed by the troops to obtain fuel. As Corean houses are made mostly of clay and stones, only the doors and windows could be burned. Consequently it took many houses to furnish the amount required.

When the Japanese reached Ping-yang hey found the enemy, and finally routed him. The population of this city dropped from 80,000 to 15,000, four-fifths of the houses were despoiled; the home of the famous American missionary, Moffett, was ruined, "although his servant made written protest, the looting being sanctioned by the presence of officers." But the "woens" (dwarfs), as the Coreans call the Japanese, did not abuse the Coreans them-

selves Near the cities Corea is a woodless land. he natives being now reduced to burning grass for fuel. Wood is extremely expensive, and its carriage is almost as costly as the wood.

A winter campaign in Corea by Russian and Japanese armies will result in the practical destruction of scores of Corean cities. Of this the world will hear little or nothing, but the suffering caused to Coreans will be narder to bear, perhaps, than the suffering of either of the contending armies.

The next great valley in this western half of Corea is that of the River Han. At its mouth is the seaport Chemulpho. where the Russian cruisers Variag and

Korietz were sunk. Chemulpho bears the same relation to Corea as Tampa does to Florida. The former is midway down the Corean peninsula on the Yellow Sea coast; the latter is midway down Florida on the Gulf coast. And Pensacola, to the northwest, bears much the same relation to Tampa as Port Arthur bears to Chemulpho.

Such is the lay of the land. It is as if Russia were throwing her army around from Pensacola to Tampa, and as though the Japanese were spreading northward from Tampa to meet it. The crash, unless Russia pursues a defensive campaign. will come in the fine level plains near Ping-

After topography, the next most important factor in Corea as a battleground is the general one of roads and means of conveyance.

on which the little mountain city stands is through a dark, sombre tropical pass, full of mighty palms and heng with orchids and other jungle growth.

After a while the trees change from palms to the wonderful tree ferns. These alternate with banana trees, until, after some more climbing, forests are reached of magnolias and similar trees.

Through these magnolias the way leads ever up, and all at once, over an open pass, there come into view immense thickets of Himalayan rhododendrons and the evergreen of firs and cedars; and beyond stand The roads are no better than the old Indian trails of America. Nominally they are of three classes, but when it comes to a practical classification, any one would be confused to find two classes, to say nothing

The old battle scarred path from Seoul northward is one of six great roads of Corea, but it is really great only in the number of its tortuous curves and the depths of its sloughs.

The old hog-wallow roads of Ohio and Indiana were not worse than the best of these six imperial highways of Corea in bad weather. Were it not an exceedingly stony land, favorable to road making, they

stony land, favorable to road making, they would be quite impassable in the rainy season of the year, in midsummer.

Travellers in the interior of Corea have come upon little square pens planted fairly in the middle of the roadway, to find they were the tops of carts sunk out of sight, and not to be recovered until spring. At the treacherous fords of the rivers the roads are desperate.

On this western coast of Corea the tides of the Yellow Sea are higher than anywhere in the world outside the Bay of Fundy, and while the rivers of eastern Corea are clear streams, that run swiftly from the mountains, those on the western side are great,

JAPAN'S BOBBY ON THE MARCH brown, muddy rivers, up which the thirty

The rainy season in midsummer swells the rivers greatly, and it is not uncomm THE ABLE LITTLE SOLDIERS THAT to come to a stream and find that the bridge FIGHT FOR THE MIKADO. across it was carefully folded up last May and put safely away and will not be put up

again until next September. The floods They Can Go Long Distances and Carry would have destroyed the structure had Heavy Loads Without Fatigue-Cavalry Held in Contempt by the Infantry The armies now on these roads or bridle -Hardships of War Borne Cheerfully aths of Corea, will find the matter of

Kimi go yo wa chiyoni Vaohiyo ni sazare Ishi no twaoto narete Kokeno musubumade. -Japanese War Son The Japanese "Bobby," as the British

mon in Corea, the bad roads making them Tommy Atkins calls the little fighting man of the Mikado, is a great singer after his The beasts of burden are the little ponice fashion. Whether he is tugging at the and the sleek bulls, which transport ninetrail ropes of a 3.2-inch Hotchkiss on a tenths of all Corea's freight. The Corean ocky, slippery, frozen mountain path or pony is a very small affair, averaging only hiking along thirty miles a day with fifty eleven and a half or twelve hands high, but pounds of weight on him, he relieves the monotony of the business with a burst of song, and his favorite ballad is the one in meanness he outrivals any horse of the Yet he has some excellent points to make quoted above, of which a free translation up for being always cross. He can and s as follows: will carry most patiently very heavy loads

Our gracious sovereign Shall reign a thousand years Until the little pebble Grows into a mighty rock Covered with ancient moss.

And they are as sure-footed as a mountain Bobby is the most cheerful and willing oat. They take their gait from the race marcher that ever carried a knapsack and they serve, and no Corean was ever known gun. Away back in the dim past there to show such poor form as to hurry. The must have been a Good Roads Associaponies average two miles an hour—but will go faster if urged and argued with tion in Japan which did its work well. With good roads everywhere it is only natural that the Japanese should have taken They are not neglected by their native to pedestrianism. Generation after generation of long distance walkers in Japan number of hills to be climbed make the have evolved the Japanese soldier of the ponies' loads slip, and in this way the little twentieth century, who astounds the Eurobeasts receive galls which are frequently pean experts by his marching.

revolting to foreigners; but their owners off you have ever carried a ten pound fife, a twenty pound knapsack and a cartpay absolutely no attention to these burn-The ponies are usually well fed, the ridge belt full of ammunition, haversack and canteen, aggregating a total of fifty forage being two pounds of beans and pounds, on a long march, you know what it is—and if you have not had the expe-rience words cannot give a proper idea millet boiled in water and poured hot into trough, with some chopped straw (rice or millet) in addition. The ponies are worth

of it to you.

The first five miles are comparatively easy. The next five are hard, the next distressing, and then it becomes torture, but not to Bobby. His pedestrian ancestors have bequeathed him a pair of superb legs with muscles like steel and the But the pride of Corea is in the splendid bulls, which stand from thirteen to fourteen and a half hands high, and are patient and glossy beyond compare. They are shod as carefully as horses, and carry their most marvellous wind. Infantry com-panies travel stretches of five miles at the double quick just for fun. The streets of Seoul and other cities are

In all campaigns of European and Ameri blockaded by these fine animals, and over can armies it has been impossible to make the infantry soldier carry his knapsack when it tires him on a forced march. The are plodding with the produce and the line of march of European troops is always strewn with knapsacks discarded by ex-In their stature and their patience, their

hausted infantry soldiers.
Such is not the case with the Japanese army. Bobby never throws his knapsack away. No matter how fast he has to travel, nor how far, it stays on his back Corea. The comparison is the more apuntil he goes into camp.

Bobby has no little contempt for his brother the cavalryman. He knows that

after a month or two of campaigning he will be able to outmarch the cavalryman and leave him far behind. The cavalry may clatter bravely for-ward for the first few weeks, but that is all. Then the horses begin to go lame get sore backs and break down.

The Japanese Bobby laughs at the troubles of the cavalryman, for he knows no troubles of any kind himself. Even his feet do not give him any serious trouble. If his shoes become painful or wear out, he puts on a pair of straw sandals and then he is comfortable and able to march even bears 100 pounds uncomplainingly, and load for one strong back over good roads; from he is comfortable and able to march even better than before. eight to ten miles will be made with them

Commissary carts with several weeks supply of rations accompany each battalion. These carts are drawn by ponies, but there are a number of coolies with every cart and if the horses break down the coolies are able to pull the carts quite as well. The coolie is the man behind the man behind the gun in the Japanese army, and always insures a good dinner when camp is reached.

Shelter tents are carried by the men for

emergency purposes, but are seldom used, as the commissary carts are generally at hand with the large tents, each of which Japanese soldier is a simple one, consist-ing largely of rice, beans, dried fish and salt vegetable pickles, washed down with ea ad libitum

It is surprising how cheerful the Jap anese Bobby keeps under the monotonous conditions of campaigning. He is, in comconditions or campaigning. He is, in common with all Japanese people, the possessor of a wonderful inborn philosophy, a certain quality of mind which enables him not only to meet any crisis with calmness and power, but to endure with patient ness and power, but to endure with patient resignation, and even cheerfulness, those long periods of watching and waiting in camps and fortified places that are the most trying experiences of a soldier

warfare.

To while away the time Bobby has variety of sports and pastimes. Of the more strenuous forms of sport he is most

given to fencing and wrestling.

The fencing practice in the Japanese army is done with bamboo staves, which are wielded with both hands. The combatants wear wadded armor and masks for protection.

The system of attack and defence

elaborate and much training is required to attain proficiency. European experts de-clare that the Japanese fencer is the most formidable adversary in the world Wrestling is a favorite sport and one in which all soldiers exhibit wonderful

in which all soldiers exhibit wonderful skill. Wrestling matches between the champions of different regiments are the great sporting events of the year in the Japanese Army.

The most popular pastime of the soldier in the field is playing "hanna-awase," a Japanese game of cards not unlike whist. The cards are forty-eight in number. It is more complicated than whist and more difficult to master.

The game of "go," or Japanese dominoes, is also dear to the heart of the Japanese Bobby. Go is played on a board ruled off into a hundred little squares.

ruled off into a hundred little squares. Small black and white stones, cut into little disks, are used to fill the squares. The rules of the game appear quite com-plicated to the foreigner. "Shoji," or Japnese chess, also is a popular game anese chess, also is a popular game.

The Japanese camps impress the foreigner as being very clean and orderly.

There is a marked absence of the drunkenness and boisterous conduct so common in the camps of European armies. Yet the Japanese Bobby is fond of his sake.

The discipline is so strict that Bobby does

not dare to indulge his taste for sake cept on rare occasions.

In the evening, when circumstances permit and the weather is pleasant, the men gather around the campfire and sing the quaint monotonous Japanese folksongs Perhaps some man in the company has samisen, if so the instrument is brough

forth, and to its twanging accompani-ment they chant the old songs, which tell of the decis of heroes of old Japan and of the beauties of nature.

As there is no profanity in the Japanese language, the Japanese soldier is not pro-fane, in which respect he differs from almost every other soldier in the world.

The war cry of the Japanese soldier when he charges the enemy is "Nihon banjai." which means "Japan, forever."

From the Milwaukee Sentinel

of the country in no small degree, and cause From the Milwaukee Seatinel.

'Fishing has never been so good in the lakes about Madison as during the present winter, said Graham Rice, former Railroad Commissioner. 'The lakes are frozen over solid, and the fish are so hungry that when you cut a hole in the ice they will just swarm to it and can be caught with a piece of red flannel or bait. The game wardens are active in preventing the catching of protected fish, but we are having perch served up for breakfast that are 10 inches long.' a scarcity of good steamers all along the coast. Calvin Austin of Boston, the vice-

How Steel Is Replacing Wood.

Steel is taking the place of wood in construction. Many freight cars are now built entirely of steel. Steel hopper coal cars are in use on most of the coal roads—huge things targer than the old box-cars, holding fifty tons of coal and capable of being rapidly unloaded by means of the hoppers in the bottoms.

THEY SWIM BUT DON'T WALK. ADMIRAL URIU AT ANNAPOLIS.

The Tribe Discovered in a New Guine Swamp by Sir Francis P. Winter. A tribe that can hardly walk has been discovered in New Guinea. So unused are these people to walking on the solid ground that their feet bleed when they try to go any distance. They were discovered by

Bir Francis P. Winter recently. The tribe is that of the Ahgaiambos, and since time immemorial they have lived in swamps, their houses being perched on bamboo poles and elevated about twelve feet above the mud and water.

As a result, since there is no solid ground anywhere near them, generation after generation of these people have depended entirely on canoeing and swimming. They are such good swimmers that they can glide over and between the half submerged reeds like water snakes, and it is as natural for an Ahgaiambo to slip into the water to go next door as it is for a woman in this

go next door as it is for a woman in this country to throw a shawl over her head and call on a neighbor.

They never leave their swamps, but remaid hidden in them from the time they are born until they die. They are as shy as the crocodiles and reptiles that dwell there.

This life has changed their bodies so that they look unlike any other human beings in the world. As they never walk that they look unlike any other human beings in the world. As they never walk, their legs have become small and flabby, and their feet are so soft that blood flows from the cracking skin as soon as they are called on to tread on hard ground. Sir Francis Winter describes these beings as follows, in a report to the Australian (lovernment:

"The men would be of good stature, if their bodies, from the hips down, were in proportion to the upper part. They have good chests, thick necks and powerful arms. But from the hips down they were shrunken creatures, looking more like aper when viewed from the side than like human beings.
"Their feet are short and broad and

wonderfully thin, with weak toes. They are so feeble that they look almost as if they larked joints.

"The feet of all the people whom I saw rested on the floor when they stood or sat in a way that reminded one irresistibly of wooden feet, because they were so help-

less and clumsy.

SONGS IN COLD STORAGE.

Trick of Publishers With Which Song Writers Find Fault.

"The way of the ambitious song writer s hard," said a composer of popular songs. The first thing that he has to contend with when he starts out is the cold storage

"If a writer sells a song on royalties he receives a contract. There is usually nothing in the contract requiring the publisher to issue the song at any particular time. So he is as likely as not to lock it up in his safe and let it stay there. Then is said to be in cold storage. "Why does he do that? The song may

trike the publisher as a good one, or h may want to keep the writer from disposng of it to some of his rivals. After the songwriter has made a reputation the publisher takes the song out and publishes it with increased profit.

"Even the successful song writer is not

altogether exempt from cold storage He may have a song that the publisher hinks should repose in the safe for severa reasons, one being that it may not be the proper time to place it on the market. Then he may desire to wait until he can place it in a production or give it to some

"Some firms, in order to accommodate writers, usually publish a song for copyright purposes. But this is another form of cold storage, for the song goes into the safe just the same.

"A majority of the popular hits of the

past have had a taste of cold storage. For instance, Tessie, which was very popu-lar, remained in the safe for nearly two years before the publisher thawed it out. Hiswatha' and When You Were Sweet "A certain well known writer is testing the legality of this cold storage process, and the matter is now before the courts."

SNAPSHOTS IN COREA.

Some Queer Pen Pictures.

From the Courrier des Etats Unia

ness. It is the poorest and the least pict-uresque country in the universe. The tinge

of civilization which the Japanese have given

to Fusan is merely superficial. The streets.

he architecture of the houses, the aspect

of the shops, and the imperfect copies in everything of Western customs remind one

of the maritime towns of the third or fourth

lass in the islands of Nippon or Kiou-Siou.

At Fusan it is easy to see that the Japanese

copy of European models is only a rough

The railroad goes through a wild country

and stops short at the end of a little river that

night easily be bridged. This river runs

brough a marshy country, where there is not

tree to be seen. Here and there a few little

black points emerge from the swamp, remind-

ing one of the little islets that appear at low

water on the shores of Marennes, in central

Italy. These dark spots are the huts in which

he Corean peasants live. The inhabitants of

the towns are even more wretched than the

inhabitants of these huts. A little less than

native city which Japanese civilization has

not yet reached. It is an agglomeration of

half a mile from Port Fusan there is an old

'Ferguson, sir.' 'Spell it.'

'F-e-r-g-u-s-o-n, sir.'
'Spell it over again, and remember that you're addressing your superior.'

"F sir-e sir-r sir-g sir-u sir-s sir-o sir
a sir. Ferguson, sir.' t Chemulpho finds it difficult to understand low Cores can excite such ardent covetous

"Uriu was converted to Christianity while at the academy, and though he returned to Japan immediately after graduating, he has remained a Christian. He joined the academy branch of the Y. M. C. A. Every now and then he would go to McGiffen, who was a wild, turbulent character who steered very shy of religious services, and ask him to go with him to Y. M. C. A. ser

vices.
"McGiffen never refused these requests
of Uriu, but there was not another man in
the academy who could have got McGiffen

anywhere near a church.

"Uriu gave us one splendid exhibition of his spunk. His countryman, Serata, had stumbled during a drill and discharged his

to tell him that everybody knew it was an accident and to come out and join the

a moment to pin him down and explain our mission. In his studies Uriu was alway weak in grammar, rhetoric and American history, but in all other subjects he stood about sixth or seventh in a class of 136. At graduation he stood fourteenth. The graduation of the Mikado's nephew was more a mark of our friendship for Japan than a testimonial of the young man's

Japanese girl who was a Vassar student and they subsequently married.

"So that we can keep tab on our old class mates, our class society regularly sends of printed slips asking: How old are you, printed slips asking: 'How old 'Are you married?' 'Have you any and other personal diestions. Ur responds. The last time we he nim, he said that he was 43 years five children, and added that Eng. the language of his household





naturally concluded that Uriu was of noble "At that time class feeli ng was very strong in Japan. Unless a man was of noble blood he could not address even the remotest ramification of the royal family without humbling himself to the ground, Neither Enoye nor Uriu showed the slightest trace of class arrogance, however. They were simply good fellows well met, like all the rest of us. But it afterward leaked out from a roundabout source that Uriu belonged to the laboring class, the lowest in the Japanese social scale. "As a youngster Uriu was of an inquiring. mechanical turn of mind. He was the kind of a fellow that could take a watch to

pieces and then put it together again. wandering English carpenter came to Uriu's native village, and the progressive little Jap saw that here was an opportunity to learn a new language. He scraped an acquaintance with the carpenter, and got him to teach him the English language as the cockney laborer knows it. In spite of his Academy training Uriu's English is still well flavored with cockeyisms.

"Then Uriu heard of the competitive ex-

A CLASSMATE TELLS STORIES OF

THE LITTLE JAP.

Who Won His Appointment Although

Laborer's Son and Roomed With Em-

peror's Nephew-Was a Good Fellow

and Graduated Well Up in His Cla

Over the coffee and cigars at the Delaware

Society dinner on Thursday night William

H. Stayton, formerly of the United States

Navy and now a lawyer in the city, told some stories of his old Naval Academy

classmate. Sotokichi Uriu, now Rear Ad

miral of the Japanese fleet that turned out

to be such a surprising proposition to the

"Congress passed an act back in the '70s

allowing Japan to send one cadet a year to

the Naval Academy on payment of their

"Japan bunched her privilege and sent

four cadets at one time. They entered in

the class of '81. Uriu was one of these and

Yunoski Enoye, a nephew of the Mikado.

was another. These two chaps roomed

together. We cadets heard that this was

done at the Mikado's request, and we

pro rata share of the actual expenses.

Russians.

blood, too.

amination that was to be held at the Royal School of Tokio for the Naval Academy appointments. It was understood that the appointments. It was understood that the examination was to be open only to the sons of the nobility. But Uriu presented himself just the same, and asked to be examined. Japan had already broken pretty well away from her old feudalistic ideas well away from her old feudalistic ideas. The workingman's son was admitted to the examinations, and he carried off one of the prizes. It was the Mikado's idea that a chap who had proved himself the mental equal of the three other Japs who were going to Annapolis should be put on the same social level. It was for this reason that he requested that Uriu and his nephew should room together.

Uriu was very popular with the Academy boys. He proved his spunk on a number of occasions, but what the fellows liked about him was his absolute squareness.

of occasions, but what the renows liked about him was his absolute squareness. McGiffen, that roving fighter who afterward became mentally unbalanced as the result of wounds received in the battle of results. he Yalu River and who committed suicide in the Post Graduate Hospital, was a classmate of ours. He once said of Uriu: 'That fellow's the only real Christian in the Academy."
"The description fitted him so well that he became known as 'the real Christian'—a name that stuck to him throughout his

a name that stuck to him throughout his Academy days.

"When he entered the academy he got a good old-fashioned Annapolis hazing, like all the other fellows, and he stood it like a major. When he became an upper classman and privileged to haze the incoming fledglings, he also lived up to the academy traditions. He weighed only about 115 pounds, and was one of the smallest fellows in the academy. I remember seeing him in the academy. I remember seeing him get hold of big George Ferguson, now an assistant engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge.

rifle. It was only loaded with a blank cartridge, but the wad struck a man in the front rank and inflicted an ugly looking root rank and innected an ugly looking scalp wound.

"Serata took the thing very much to heart. He went to his room and kept bemoaning the injury he had done his classmate. Six or eight of us fellows went

"Uriu had already gone to Serata's room. When he heard us coming he jumped to the conclusion that we were going to thrash with furniture, but we were too quick for

not yet reached. It is an agglomeration of miserable mud cabins covered with thatch. In these rude habitations, without floors and without windows, five or six persons are crowded into a space hardly large enough for a single human being. The uncleanliness of these abodes beggars description. It would be impossible to find in any other portion of the globe human dwellings so repugnant and so sickening. At a little distance from these abominable hovels, which would be shunned by domestic animals accustomed to the cleanliness of Western civilization, the ruins of palaces and the walls of a city, abandoned for several centuries, bear testimony to the fact that this country, now fallen into such deep distress, once had its period of splendors. "There wasn't one of us who was not big enough to throw little Uriu over his head, but Uriu sailed into the whole crowd and fought like a devil. Of course it only took such deep distress, once had its period of splendors.

Seen from the Fusan side, the great peninsula of northern Asia gives the impression of a desert, but it causes a still more lugubrious sensation upon the European traveller who lands at Chemulpho and goes to Seoul by the railway. The line runs through a country which has the aspect of an endless cemetery, this the land of the dead. Thousands and thousands of little mounds covered with grass present evidence going to prove that the Coreans, after their death, are transported to this funereal suburb, which, all around the capital, stretches out further than the eye can reach. The respect which the disciples of Buddha have for past generations obliges them to hold in reverence the resting places of the dead. Consequently, every day additional rows of graves, freshly dug, add new undulations to this immense mortuary plain.

But at last we come to Seoul the capital.

fitness for that honor.

"While at the Academy, Urin met a



